

VOLUME CXXXVII—No. 21. NEWPORT, R. I., OCTOBER 31, 1896. WHOLE NUMBER 7,830

### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

A young ladies' society has been formed in Trinity parish with Grace Lavy, president; Miss Parrish, secretary; Miss Beauman, treasurer; and entertainment committee consisting of the Misses Melville, Nellie Magill, Daisy Melville, Nellie Parrish, Lisette Vose and Melville.

Mrs. M. S. Howes and Mrs. A. Wallace, the president and vice president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, who are about to move from Newport, were given warm reception by the Union at the home of Miss Mary A. Hazen on Broadway. A most enjoyable evening was spent and refreshments were served.

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The Grand officers of the state visitation to Redwood Lodge No. 1, K. of P., last evening.

Beginning tomorrow, Sunday, the p. m. train from Boston and the p. m. train from Providence will be continued.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Knowles  
Jamestown have gone to Aiken, S.  
for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Powell have  
turned from Philadelphia.

Cuyler, David. Republicans—John R. Austin,  
 Joseph T. Ray, Ed. Robert C. Ebbs. Democrats—James F. Donahue, Isabon S. Congdon,  
 Joseph J. Kirby.  
 Third ward. Republicans—Nathan T. Hootson,  
 Thatcher T. Bowler, Frank G. Egan. Democrats—E. J. Roderick, Max Hoechebling.  
 Benjamin U. Carr.  
 Fourth ward. Republicans—Charles Clarke,  
 William H. Hilton, George W. Toole. Democrats—Cornelius J. Riley, William Clarke,  
 John L. Butler.  
 Fifth ward. Republicans—Joseph H. Harrington,  
 Kenneth O. McLeish, Joseph J. Taylor. Democrats—Joseph P. Keefe, James P. Hughes,  
 Joseph M. Martin.

main family, in the western part of the township of Newport (Low Middletown) and settled on his division of acid purchase, which is still in possession of his descendants in the female line. The name of Holmes on the Island is now extinct, but his descendants in the male line, are now numerous in New Jersey and elsewhere. His wife survived him a short time; his character, (as handed down in the family by tradition) was one of the most amiable and unblemished. He suc-

Messrs. George W. Barlow and Everett S. Gresson have returned from a trip to Pittsburg, Penn., and Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

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Mr. W. T. Page, private secretary to Congressman Eull, has returned to his home in Baltimore after a visit to this city.



# IN THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY STEVEN COY

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## CHAPTER I.

ALSO HOWE LEAVES HOME.

Alexander Howe, Sr., had come to New York from the country 30 years before. He brought with him later a faithful wife and two little boys, of whom the younger was named for his father and familiarly called Alex. Mr. Howe had prospered and was now a successful and well-to-do merchant. After ten years his wife had died, and he had taken another, a lady of some social pretensions, through whom in time he hoped to gain admission to the upper circles. By her he had another son, who was in a fair way to be spoiled by the doting attentions that were lavished upon him.

Also had been sent to college, and now for a while year he had been a bachelor of arts, wondering what in the world he should do with the income. His father had offered him a place in his business, with an ultimate partnership, but the confinement of the office did not agree with him. Besides, he did not altogether like his stepmother. She was a good woman in her way, but she said his manners were vulgar; she tried to impose upon him habits which were uncomfortable, and, worst of all, she did not give him the affection he longed for. For boy's sake he would have done anything she desired, but she did not love him, and her only refuge was the authority of her superior position. She used it as gently as she could, for she meant to be kind and considerate, but the friction became greater and greater until Alex felt he could no longer bear the sheer discomfort of his position.

The elder brother had not gone to college, but had entered business early. Now was a partner in his father's establishment, with a wife and family of his own. Mr. Howe was proud of him, and wished Alex to follow in his footsteps. But Mrs. Howe was a staunch object for disagreement. Mr. Howe loved her well enough, though he had not the passionate love for her he had cherished for his first wife, but he was ambitious to establish his family in the upper ranks of society, and she was the means of doing it. Through her lay his ambition, and she, who had been poor, shared his ambition with him. At last the plan had been to make Alex, the social representative of the family, the proud and shining star, and for that purpose he had been given a good education. But he was disappointing expectations, and not unreasonably Mrs. Howe was thinking more and more of the prospects of her own child. But Mr. Howe still clung to Alex.

"Father," said Alex one evening, when they had come home from business. "I'm going to study law. I'm tired of business. I lead a dog's life, and I'm tired of it. I've stood it as long as I can."

Mr. Howe was silent.

"I can have chambers with Forbes—my class in college, you know. Things will go better at home when I'm away, I fancy."

Still there was silence where Mr. Howe sat, and Alex ventured to look at him. He saw a dark cloud on his father's face and began to tremble. But he took courage, and with sudden determination and impulsiveness sprang to his feet, and turning his back cried:

"I've made up my mind. I'm of age and mean to do as I like."

Mr. Howe rose also and began walking about the room. At last he spoke: "If you leave the business and your home, you need not expect that I shall foot your bills."

The old gentleman walked uneasily up and down. He was not hard-hearted, but obstinate, but he didn't know what to do, and Alex's manner was highly disrespectful.

Mrs. Howe entered. After staring at the two for a moment she exclaimed: "What in the world has Alex been doing now?"

"I shall not trouble you much longer. I have decided to go away," said Alex, turning.

"Go away? Where will you go? Do you intend to lead an idle life at your father's expense?"

"I had intended to study law," said Alex calmly.

"I should think your father had spent enough money on your education already," sneered Mrs. Howe, taking a seat on the corner of a sofa. "Do you approve of this move, Alexander?" she inquired of her husband.

"If he leaves my business and my home, I've told him that he must look out for himself hereafter." The old man's voice wavered, and he would have been glad of the slightest excuse to recall his words, but in a moment Alex had made that impossible.

"Very well," he cried, turning to face both his parents. "I will leave this house, and it shall be on Monday morning. I hate it. My life has been perfect misery here, and I'll stand it no more."

Ever since I came home from college she has nagged me and nagged me till I've come to hate this whole institution. I shall not put either of you under the painful necessity of turning me out. I'll go myself, and ask no favors or consideration of anybody."

With that he turned on his heel and left the room. Then his father and stepmother looked at each other. She disliked the boy, and exulted at the idea of being rid of him. But she sneered: "Let him go. A little of that sort of thing will do him good and may bring him to his senses."

So Mr. Howe expressed his paternal feeling, and Alex's fate was decided. He would never see his own words, nor would he come back begging and cringing. He would make his living or die struggling. Physically he was slight and thin and pale, but he had a mighty determination and a ray of buoyant hope that usually carried him through difficulties.

Once in his own room he began to reflect on his position. Without money, the law must evidently be given up. He had something less than \$10 in his pocket. From that he must make his fortune. But how? Where? His deter-

mination had been taken suddenly, and he had no plan.

The following week he was to have taken his summer vacation among the New Hampshire hills. He loved them perhaps better than any other place he knew, and had gone to one or another part of them for four successive summers. At first he thought that his vacation must be postponed. But then he thought, Why not go and work in the hayfield for the summer and take time to think matters over? He remembered what fun it had been to follow the hay cart around, now and then pitching on a forkful of hay, or dragging the big rake for the scatterings to help on the men a little. Of course till now it had always been in fun, but why not do it for money, getting a delightful summer in the country and earning something besides?

There arose doubts about the summer being so delightful under such laborious conditions, but the more he thought of it the more the idea fascinated him, and he immediately set to work to collect a tramping outfit. A rough, strong suit of clothes was selected, one which he had formerly bought in the country, and he found an old felt hat that had come from the country too. He had a knapsack, which he had used for tramping in times past, and this he filled with such necessities as he had heard that genuine tramps carried, such as a tin dipper, a tin plate, a fork, a big pocket-knife besides the smaller penknife he always carried, a teaspoon, some pepper and salt and a few other things. With the little money he had he would purchase a ticket to the Rushes, and then he would have a little over \$4 left to provide for living necessities till he could find work, which he thought would not be a difficult matter, as it was just about time for haying to begin, and he knew that extra hands were always in demand for haying.

It was Saturday night when all these things happened, and Sunday was spent quietly in making preparations. He came to his meals either before or after his father and mother ate theirs, and so they did not see him once all day. They did not believe he would go on Monday, as he had said he would, and hourly looked to see his penitent face. They knew he was dogged in his determination, but this was so extraordinary a proceeding that they could not believe it. Mrs. Howe feared that he would change his mind, and, as was his habit, Mr. Howe put the matter out of his thoughts to await developments. But he had been much disturbed by the scene of Saturday evening.

Monday morning Alex breakfasted with his parents, and when the meal was finished he then a cheerful good-bye, saying that as he intended to take his vacation in New Hampshire he had decided to try his fortune in those parts first. He was filled with excitement and a strange, feverish expectation. His manner was somewhat mysterious, and not in the least confidential. Mrs. Howe treated him with great coldness, and his father remained neutral. Alex shook hands with each of his parents and hastily took his leave. There was no such word as "Write to us," "If you get out of money, send to me," or "I hope you won't regret this step." Silence, only silence! Perhaps it was because Alex was known to be quite able to take care of himself. Certainly neither Mr. nor Mrs. Howe had any fear that he would come to starvation, though perhaps they might have had had either known how very small a sum of money the lad was starting out on. But Alex thought to himself that he was glad he had no more, for now he must work his way or starve, since he would have no money to come back on. He was burning the bridges behind him, and was happy in the thought. It added piquancy to the adventure, and his courage and determination laughed at the danger.

CHAPTER II.

HE FINDS MARTHA, JOHN, LITTLE JOHN AND GRANDPA.

Alex arrived at the Ruses not long after noon, thoroughly tired out with the hard ride on the cars. He had brought some biscuit and cold meat, on which he lunched, and he still had a few pieces remaining in his bag, which he thought he would eat at the first convenient point after leaving the train.

There was a great crowd at the railway station, and they stared at him curiously. It was a strange sight to see a young man with white, delicate hands and pale face dressed as a tramp, with an old slouch hat on his head. So Alex hurried off along the road that seemed to lead northward, for he had determined to direct his course toward the White Mountains. The rough board fences and cottages and the general paraphernalia of a camping ground seemed a blemish on the beauty of the surrounding forests and of the broad, smooth lake stretching away between the hills and islands as far as the eye could reach. But he soon left them behind, and though the road was hot and dusty it was a great relief from the jolting of the cars and the chaotic crowd. Alex was fond of walking, and he swung along in an easy stride, perhaps trying to get away from the oppressive sense of loneliness which he felt coming over him.

He felt much like a man who has put out to sea in a rowboat. He had left the world behind, and had only a \$3 bill between him and starvation. To be sure he might send to his father, but he thought of his teeth that he would indeed starve before he would do that. He thought of getting work on a farm, but he vaguely realized his own incompetence and physical weakness. He was an athlete in college, but athletic strength does not seem to help a farmer much. Still if it were work or starve, no doubt he would manage in some way to work.

When he had walked about five miles along a road now hot by tall pines and elms and chestnuts, now open to the pouring dust of the road, and with only occasional refreshing glimpses of the lake whose western border he was skirting, Alex suddenly came with delight upon a cool looking little spring beside the road, that came out in a small cold pool at the foot of a big pine tree, and then fell about 15 inches in a miniature cascade over a projecting stone, and ran off down the side of the road to a little brook beyond. He there

himself on the soft, thick bed of pine needles, thoroughly tired out, and held his cup under the cascade till it was filled with water, which he drank at a single draft. It was cool and sweet and so refreshing. After waiting a few minutes to rest he took out his remaining biscuit and cold meat and ate them, and washing his blanket about him lay down for a nap on the pine needles.

Pretty soon a robin came down and stood by the spring as if it were contemplating the possibility of taking a drink. It stood solemnly upright for a few moments, as if listening profoundly for any possible danger, and seemed to eye Alex with a questioning look. Then he took a quick little sip of the water just where it fell over the edge of the stone, and suddenly hopped quite into the pool and splashed himself all over with the water, shaking his feathers and fluttering his wings, and rolled around in the little earthy basin till it was all muddy. Then the bird hopped out and shook himself and stood for some time preening his feathers.

A striped squirrel came out on a branch directly above his head, and, sitting upright on its swaying seat so that Alex could barely see its breast and fore feet and now, it began to crack a nut and drop down pieces of the shell. It was a bit more than last year, and was rather a tough nut to crack apparently, and finally the squirrel lost its grip and the nut came tumbling down almost on to Alex's face.

He did not know how tired he was until he had stopped thinking about his difficulties and had lost himself in the baby playings of the things in the bush. But now he discovered that his back ached, his feet were sore, and his brain too weary even to try to think any more.

The sun was going down and he did not know where he would sleep that night or where he could get anything more to eat. He was hungry, for bluet and cold meat are not altogether satisfying to one who has lived under so good a cook as Mr. Howe employed. Alex hastily folded up his blanket and put it in his bag, and after taking a little drink of water from the spring set out hurriedly along the road.

In the course of a mile he passed several houses, but they all seemed extremely desolate to his eyes. They were very low and without any eaves to speak of, all on the plain, square model, with a long shed reaching out behind to a barn that was usually bigger and more modern and indeed less desolate looking.

So Alex hurried off.

There was no attempt at grading about the house, nor any lawn. A dump cart usually stood next the back door, and against the barn was piled a heap of useless old boards, which might once have served for a pigeon. Sometimes there was a wooden pump a rod or two from the house in the middle of the yard, which was shut in on one side by the house and rambling shed behind it and on the back by the barn. Once he saw a tin dipper hanging in a conspicuous place, and took the liberty of helping himself to a drink. As he did so a woman came to the door and stared at him through the fly screen, and Alex wondered grimly if a dog would presently be let out upon him. But when he looked again the face of the woman seemed quite benevolent and rather orious. Alex was glad to get away, however. He didn't like the hardness of everything. Perhaps the next house would have a more comfortable appearance.

But they were all alike. There wasn't a sign of softness or comfort anywhere. The people seemed not to have imagined the word. Even the bigger houses which had been fitted up for summer boarders and seemed to make certain pretensions to elegance had the same stiff, uncomfortable air, which settled down over the poor fellow like a vast discouragement.

But suddenly he came on a farmhouse that seemed more inviting, or he was so tired now that he saw what he wanted to see. There was a wide yard, and back of it a big barn with wide open doors. On the left was the long, low house, and in the kitchen doorway stood a very fat, presumably benevolent looking woman, who seemed to be waiting supper for the men who were washing in the washbasins on a low bench beside the kitchen door. There were three men, or rather two men and a boy. It was the boy who was washing in the log trough. One of the men was white haired and much bent. The other was perhaps 40 and had a long, ragged, sandy beard. But he was very ragged and upright and talked as if he were the head of the house.

As Alex approached the woman in the doorway she stood staring at him, but the men went on washing, though they stared out of the corners of their eyes, and as they wiped the water off on the single long towel they held between them they all looked critically at the strange lad. But none of them spoke.

"I wanted to inquire," Alex said, "if I could perhaps get a night's lodging—I mean some work here. I've come from New York, and I thought you might need some help, or I could be allowed to stay here tonight—if I paid a little something for it." This Yankee bargaining did not come at all natural to him, but he added the sentence about

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.



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pay when he saw no sign of interest or response on the faces of the four people—or rather the three, for the boy was behind him.

"Come from New York, have you?" inquired the woman at last in a tone that was meant to be friendly.

Alex made no answer, for some seemed to be demanded. But he quaked inwardly as he wondered what they were going to do.

"You didn't walk all the way?" inquired the man.

"I came on the cars to the Ruses, and this afternoon I have walked from there," said Alex quietly.

"A good bit of a walk from the Ruses," remarked the old man.

"Where do you go? Home?"

The suggestion of going home seemed to Alex a very good one, and he promptly responded:

"Yes, I'm going home. I've got to go up across Vermont to Lake Champlain, and I expect to walk most of the way."

"Well, you are a plucky un," remarked the old man, turning away, while Alex smiled in his sleeve at his own simple mendacity. "Take the lad in, Martha, and give him a bit to eat."

The old man went on, "He looks pale, like all these city lads."

"How long you been in the city?" he inquired, turning again to Alex.

"Pretty nearly all my life," was the answer.

Martha stopped to ask more questions, and the man with the long beard asked some, finally inviting Alex to sit down on the bench and get rested. He inquired his name, and Alex gave it.

"If you want supper as well as a bed, it will be 10 cents extra," said Martha, coming to the door. "I suppose you expect to pay a quarter for the bed. Your coats is rather low for supper, but eating you are going home and have to walk all the way I thought I'd make it kind of reasonable."

Alex granted a weary assent, but his heart sank within him that none of them had said anything about the work he had spoken of.

They seemed not to have any interest in him after they had asked their curiosity, and when he sat down to the table with the others nobody addressed him except to urge him to "have some more" of the hash or the stewed prunes or the rhubarb pie or the corn bread.

They said that if he didn't eat more he would die of starvation before he got home and piled food on his plate until he sickened at the sight.

"You aren't sick, are you?" said Martha. "You don't seem to have any appetite at all. I never saw the like in a boy of your size. But you do look awfully pale."

"Perhaps, mother, you'd better fix up some ginger tea for him," suggested the sandy bearded man, whom they called John. But Alex protested so vigorously that Martha reluctantly gave up the idea and soon after tea showed Alex to his room, saying he had better go to bed and get rested, and maybe that would do him good, but these city boys were always white looking.

The room was in the attic and only about six feet high, though tolerably wide and long. The door was perfectly bare and had been painted once, though the paint was now nearly worn off. There was one window in the room, with small panes of glass, and the lower sash was held up by a button. The bedstead, which stood in the middle of the room, was old fashioned, with four round posts that stood straight up at each corner, but with no spires across at head or foot. The side pieces were round and did not support the slats, which were laid on wires strung on each side from head to foot. There was a big, stuffy, heavy filled mattress, which lay so high Alex wondered how in the world he could climb on to it. Over all was an old fashioned patchwork quilt.

In the room there were an old fashioned painted wooden chair and a little washstand, with a round hole in the top for a bowl, but no bowl. The only adornment the room could be said to have was the bright paper, which showed dimly in the candlelight the infinite repetition of a picture of a lad and a maid by a rustic bridge, with a castle in the distance.

The room seemed a cold, desolate place, though in the daytime at this season it must be hot and stuffy. But Alex was so tired and so anxious to be alone after his company at ten that he hastily assured his hostess that everything was exceedingly comfortable. Everything was certainly clean and as neat as wax. With some reluctance Martha backed out, leaving the candle on a corner of the washstand, and Alex crawled into bed as soon as he could undress.

CHAPTER III.

HE GETS A CHANCE TO EARN HIS BOARDING POTATOES.

Alex was awakened next morning by a loud knock on his door and the announcement in the voice of Martha that if he wanted some breakfast he would have to come down right away.

He hurriedly dressed and went down stairs, where he followed the example of little John (as he discovered the young man was called) and washed in the horse trough. He wondered if the man with the sandy beard (he didn't dare to call him John even in his own thoughts) would invite him to go to work at good wages.

In about ten minutes Martha announced that all was ready, and John invited the young man to "move up," which he did. They did not have much to say to him, but they paid him a certain silent respect which flattered his vanity a little, and they watched his plate most closely to see that he had enough to eat, and seemed greatly troubled that he didn't eat more—at least Martha was. Instead of oatmeal or eggs there were fried bacon, potatoes with their skins on, rye rolls and green applesauce. Little John, speaking for the first time to Alex, explained that they had one particularly early variety of apple tree somewhere in the hollow back of the house which bore these apples. Alex was also offered another piece of the rhubarb pie he had for supper the night before and which he liked very much.

After breakfast the men went directly to the barn without a word to him about work or on any other subject except a remark that it was a fine morning. Alex stood around the dining room awkwardly for a time as Martha cleared off the table, hoping that something would be said for him to do. But nothing was said.

work the night before and felt that they could not have misunderstood his desires. But Martha only said:

"You'll find this a right smart morning for your walk. If I was in your place, I'd get started early and then rest in the shade somewhere along about noon. It's awfully thing to walk in the hot sun, I think."

"But I didn't know but Mr. — or — or might want somebody to work for him a little," stammered Alex at this speech, which seemed to him much like an invitation to be going along.

"Well, you see," explained Martha, "little John is about as good as a man now, and grandpa is right smart in spite of his white hair. So John manages to get along without hiring very much help regular. If you had come along in a fortnight, now, when he had the upper field all cut and a shower was coming up and he wanted to get the hay in, I presume he might give you half a day. But he ain't going to cut any hay till after the Fourth. Folks up here don't begin to hay much before the Fourth."

Alex decided in his own mind as he patiently listened to this speech that he would better pay for his lodging and start on his way. So he offered Martha his \$3 bill, secretly hoping she would take out of it 25 cents. That was all she had spoken of the night before, and he hoped breakfast might be thrown in. Martha took the bill, and explaining that she didn't know but she had the change in her rag carpet money, which she kept in her sitting room bureau drawer, left him alone for a few minutes. In about five minutes she returned.

"I said last night I would let you have supper for 10 cents, seeing you was a poor boy and having to walk all the way home, and I won't charge you no more than that for breakfast, either, though by good rights I ought to have 25 cents for each meal and 25 cents for the bed, which will all have to be washed unless I put little John up there for one week instead of putting clean sheets on his bed."

"Ten cents for supper and 10 for breakfast and 25 for the bed makes 45 cents, and there is \$1, and there is 50 cents, and I declare if I've got but 4 cents more to my name, so I guess I'll have to charge you a cent extra for making change," she said, with a laugh that was almost merry. Alex thought Martha might have been induced to let him stay and work for his board for a time, if nothing more. But he did not venture to mention it. He took his \$1.54, said good-bye, and on his old slouch hat and went on his way.

Alex felt less lonely and less worried this morning and less repelled by the farmhouse. They did not seem so desolate now, and he no longer dreaded them. He did think with a pang that 45 cents of his \$3 was already gone, and this realization made him resolve that he would inquire for work at every house he came to. Surely somebody would employ him at something.

The road was smooth enough, but on either side there were stretches and stretches of stones upon stones, in places heaped up apparently as a wall, in others heaped up for no purpose, but because of their abundance, and scattered all about, even over a grassy plot that seemed to be a hayfield.

As he approached the next house, which seemed more substantial and larger, he saw a number of men in a field hoeing potatoes, and they seemed to be working very steadily. There was a great field on one side of them that seemed quite grown up to weeds, while on the other could be seen rows of potatoes they had been out. Alex had a mind to go over and speak to them, and he stood in the road a few minutes looking at them, undecided. But at last he went to the house to inquire.

A rather pretty but shy and awkward girl in a very short, faded calico dress answered his knock at the kitchen door. He was so astonished to see her that he

(Continued on page three.)

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The road was smooth enough, but on either side there were stretches and stretches of stones upon stones, in places heaped up apparently as a wall, in others heaped up for no purpose, but because of their abundance, and scattered all about, even over a grassy plot that seemed to be a hayfield.

As he approached the next house, which seemed more substantial and larger, he saw a number of men in a field hoeing potatoes, and they seemed to be working very steadily. There was a great field on one side of them that seemed quite grown up to weeds, while on the other could be seen rows of potatoes they had been out. Alex had a mind to go over and speak to them, and he stood in the road a few minutes looking at them, undecided. But at last he went to the house to inquire.

A rather pretty but shy and awkward girl in a very short, faded calico dress answered his knock at the kitchen door. He was so astonished to see her that he

(Continued on page three.)

work the night before and felt that they could not have misunderstood his desires. But Martha only said:

"You'll find this a right smart morning for your walk. If I was in your place, I'd get started early and then rest in the shade somewhere along about noon. It's awfully thing to walk in the hot sun, I think."

"But I didn't know but Mr. — or — or might want somebody to work for him a little," stammered Alex at this speech, which seemed to him much like an invitation to be going along.

"Well, you see," explained Martha, "little John is about as good as a man now, and grandpa is right smart in spite of his white hair. So John manages to get along without hiring very much help regular. If you had come along in a fortnight, now, when he had the upper field all cut and a shower was coming up and he wanted to get the hay in, I presume he might give you half a day. But he ain't going to cut any hay till after the Fourth. Folks up here don't begin to hay much before the Fourth."

Alex decided in his own mind as he patiently listened to this speech that he would better pay for his lodging and start on his way. So he offered Martha his \$3 bill, secretly hoping she would take out of it 25 cents. That was all she had spoken of the night before, and he hoped breakfast might be thrown in. Martha took the bill, and explaining that she didn't know but she had the change in her rag carpet money, which she kept in her sitting room bureau drawer, left him alone for a few minutes. In about five minutes she returned.

"I said last night I would let you have supper for 10 cents, seeing you was a poor boy and having to walk all the way home, and I won't charge you no more than that for breakfast, either, though by good rights I ought to have 25 cents for each meal and 25 cents for the bed, which will all have to be washed unless I put little John up there for one week instead of putting clean sheets on his bed."

"Ten cents for supper and 10 for breakfast and 25 for the bed makes 45 cents, and there is \$1, and there is 50 cents, and I declare if I've got but 4 cents more to my name, so I guess I'll have to charge you a cent extra for making change," she said, with a laugh that was almost merry. Alex thought Martha might have been induced to let him stay and work for his board for a time, if nothing more. But he did not venture to mention it. He took his \$1.54, said good-bye, and on his old slouch hat and went on his way.

Alex felt less lonely and less worried this morning and less repelled by the farmhouse. They did not seem so desolate now, and he no longer dreaded them. He did think with a pang that 45 cents of his \$3 was already gone, and this realization made him resolve that he would inquire for work at every house he came to. Surely somebody would employ him at something.



















Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

## TIVERTON.

The following persons were elected to serve as Jurors in the Common Pleas Division of the Supreme Court at Newport, Grand—George W. Carr, Peter D. Humphrey, Pott—Patrick Crosson, William H. Cottrell, Joshua P. Coggeshall, Abner D. Lusk.

Russell Smith of Little Compton and Emma Hosmer of Fall River, were united in marriage Wednesday evening, 21st, at the Central Baptist parsonage, by the Rev. Peter Wright.

Nonquit Orange, P. of H., No. 81, held a successful meeting Wednesday night, there was a large company present including guests from Westport, Portsmouth and Little Compton. Grange. The third and fourth degrees were conferred upon one candidate followed by a banquet supper. The lecturer's hour opened with a vocal solo from Alice Schlegel; next, Lottie Manchester and Richmond Hamblin; solo, John E. Hathaway. Samuel E. Almy gave an historical address on an event which occurred near Pawtucket in the year of 1812, when Rhode Island was blockaded by the British, a unit weighing about twelve pounds was on exhibition.

## Correct Fall and Winter Styles.



## Great Display of Fine Clothing.

The above illustrations give but a faint idea of the goods.

## Newport One Price Clothing Co.,

208 THAMES STREET. 208

## Schreier's Queen Anne Millinery Establishment.

143 THAMES STREET.

A GREAT VARIETY

TRIMMED HATS and TOQUES

## Untrimmed Hats

In the New Shapes and Colors.

VELVETS &amp; RIBBONS

In all the New Shades.

OSTRICH, PARADISE &amp; COQUE PLUM'S.

FELT

## Cloth Walking Hats.

MISSSES and CHILDREN'S

TAM O'SHANTERS

Every department fully stocked.

Choice Goods at Lowest Prices.

## PLAYING CARDS

For 100, 150, 250, 340, 430, 490, 590, 730, 950, \$1.25, \$1.50.

## Poker Chips

For 250, 350, 450 and 600 a box.

All the New Parlor Games.

—AT—

## A. C. LANDERS.

167 Thames Street, Covell's Block,

Headquarters for Parlor Games.

## PORTSMOUTH.

Supervisor Henry Anthony, of road district No. 1, is building a piece of Telford macadam road near the south end of the East main road. This will, no doubt, help another of the slough holes that have been so troublesome every spring for so many years. As Mr. Anthony has been very successful in making good roads of pieces that were extremely muddy at certain seasons, so that he might have been allowed the means to build a longer piece, so as to improve all of this mud hole.

Miss Sherman's kindergarten entertainment, given in Oakland Hall, on Tuesday evening proved to be one of the best entertainments ever given in said hall, and would have given credit to older persons. The kindergarten was assisted by the Misses Anthony, who sang several selections accompanied with the guitar by Miss Nancy G. Chase, teacher in the Vaudouville district. The Misses Chase played "Old Folks at Home," as a duet.

A horse belonging to and driven by Mr. Edward E. Anthony of this town, was taken seriously ill with the colic on the street in Newport, on Tuesday. Mrs. Anthony left the horse at Johnston's, where it was attended by Mr. George Linahan.

Mr. Warren Almy is reported sagging slowly from his relapse of typhoid fever.

## A Good Cause.

The directors of the Newport Historical Society have issued a circular, asking for aid in a very worthy cause. It says:

"The formation during the last few years of patriotic societies, such as the 'Sons of the Revolution,' the 'Society of Colonial Wars,' the 'Cavalry Dames,' and others of a kindred nature, has stimulated the examination of town and family histories to such an extent as to become a serious burden on public libraries, and especially on such as are not provided with ample aerial force. This is especially the case in country towns and small cities which are the resorts of large summer populations. In Newport, during the past summer, the call for this class of literature has been unusually great. The Newport Historical Society, recognizing its duty in this particular branch of study, proposes to add to its collection of such books, and as an opportunity now offers to make a most excellent beginning (a valuable collection being offered at a small sum), this matter is presented to the friends of the Society, and their subscriptions are invited. It is hoped that the ninety volumes offered, and others that will soon be out of print, can be secured at once. For this purpose, a fund of \$10,000 has been set up at present address. One fifth of the sum needed has already been promised. The rooms of the Society are open daily. All interested are welcome. Subscriptions, in any amount, may be sent to either of the committee. A copy of the report of the book committee will be sent to every donor."

## Foster's Weather Bulletin.

Copyright, 1896, by F. T. Foster.  
St. Joseph, Mo., Oct. 31.—My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm waves to cross the continent from October 30th to November 24th and November 24th to 26th.

The next disturbance will reach the Pacific coast about November 10th, cross the west of Rockies country by about the 14th, great central valleys 12th to 14th, eastern states 15th.

The warm wave will cross the west of Rockies country about November 10th, great central valleys 12th, eastern states 14th. The cool wave will cross the west of Rockies country about 13th, great central valleys 15th eastern states 17th.

This cool wave will be the most severe of the month and will probably be called a cold wave.

As the rainy period of November will extend from about the 6th to the 20th this disturbance will cause rains in many parts of the middle latitudes.

A great fall in temperatures will occur between November 1st and 15th. This will come in two cold waves one about 6th and the other about 15th.

Temperatures of the week ending October 31st will average about normal beginning with low and ending with high temperatures. Very little rain or snow will fall during the week.

## Supreme Court.

The November session of the Common Pleas Division of the Supreme Court will convene at the State House on Monday, Nov. 1st. The docket is a large one, containing the usual number of old cases and many new ones. There are one hundred and twelve civil cases, two jury trials waived, twenty-three criminal appeals, seventeen indictments, six seizure cases, and seven liquor appeals, making a total of one hundred and sixty-seven cases.

Ground was broken this week for Mr. Cyrus P. Williams' new house on Water street.

Mrs. Lydia Clarke and Miss Clarke are spending the winter in Alibon, Mass.

Mr. Joseph T. Hammond of this city, is spending a week in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Leander K. Carr are in New York.

## WEEKLY ALMANAC.

| OCTOBER                       | STANDARD TIME. |
|-------------------------------|----------------|
| 1 Sun (Hail) Moon (Highwater) | 10 10 10 10    |
| 2 Mon 11 11 11 11             | 11 11 11 11    |
| 3 Tues 12 12 12 12            | 12 12 12 12    |
| 4 Wed 1 1 1 1                 | 1 1 1 1        |
| 5 Thurs 2 2 2 2               | 2 2 2 2        |
| 6 Fri 3 3 3 3                 | 3 3 3 3        |
| 7 Sat 4 4 4 4                 | 4 4 4 4        |
| 8 Sun 5 5 5 5                 | 5 5 5 5        |
| 9 Mon 6 6 6 6                 | 6 6 6 6        |
| 10 Tues 7 7 7 7               | 7 7 7 7        |
| 11 Wed 8 8 8 8                | 8 8 8 8        |
| 12 Thurs 9 9 9 9              | 9 9 9 9        |
| 13 Fri 10 10 10 10            | 10 10 10 10    |
| 14 Sat 11 11 11 11            | 11 11 11 11    |
| 15 Sun 12 12 12 12            | 12 12 12 12    |
| 16 Mon 1 1 1 1                | 1 1 1 1        |
| 17 Tues 2 2 2 2               | 2 2 2 2        |
| 18 Wed 3 3 3 3                | 3 3 3 3        |
| 19 Thurs 4 4 4 4              | 4 4 4 4        |
| 20 Fri 5 5 5 5                | 5 5 5 5        |
| 21 Sat 6 6 6 6                | 6 6 6 6        |
| 22 Sun 7 7 7 7                | 7 7 7 7        |
| 23 Mon 8 8 8 8                | 8 8 8 8        |
| 24 Tues 9 9 9 9               | 9 9 9 9        |
| 25 Wed 10 10 10 10            | 10 10 10 10    |
| 26 Thurs 11 11 11 11          | 11 11 11 11    |
| 27 Fri 12 12 12 12            | 12 12 12 12    |
| 28 Sat 1 1 1 1                | 1 1 1 1        |
| 29 Sun 2 2 2 2                | 2 2 2 2        |
| 30 Mon 3 3 3 3                | 3 3 3 3        |
| 31 Tues 4 4 4 4               | 4 4 4 4        |

## New Advertisements.

GRAND MOONLIGHT EXCURSION

TO—

PROVIDENCE,

ON—

Saturday, Oct. 31, '96,

To witness the largest Torlight Demonstration ever known in this State. 1000 people expected in line. Steamer City of Newport will leave Commercial wharf at 6:30 p.m. sharp, returning about 11 p.m.

Boat lands in heart of city. 1000 people expected in line.

Purchase tickets on wharf.

For full particulars, apply to J. H. Sherman, 101-103 Broadway, New York.

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## New Advertisements.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Old Colony System.

Five tables showing local and through train routes between all stations, may be obtained at ticket office of this company.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 1, 1896, trains will leave Newport, for Boston, Fall River, and other points, as follows:

1. Fall River, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

2. Boston, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

3. Fall River, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

4. Boston, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

5. Fall River, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

6. Boston, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

7. Fall River, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

8. Boston, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

9. Fall River, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

10. Boston, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

11. Fall River, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

12. Boston, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

13. Fall River, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

14. Boston, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

15. Fall River, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

16. Boston, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

17. Fall River, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

18. Boston, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

19. Fall River, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

20. Boston, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

21. Fall River, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

22. Boston, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M.

23. Fall